

THE "LITTLE JUNIATA."

A Graphic Account of the Cruise of the Steam Launch.

IN THE ICY REGIONS.

Preparing to Meet the Perils of the Ice Floes.

NAMES OF THE OFFICERS AND CREW.

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DEPARTURE FOR THE NORTH.

Terrors of a Tempest in an Ice Pack.

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RETURN OF THE LAUNCH.

A Most Interesting Story of Arctic Adventure.

LATITUDE 73 21 N, LONGITUDE 56 54 W.
UNITED STATES STEAMER "LITTLE JUNIATA,"
TUESDAY, GREENLAND, AUGUST 12, 1873.

THE PREPARATIONS.

Although Commander Braine did not intend to send the launch on the pioneer expedition until he was thoroughly satisfied by actual observation that it could be carried out in safety, precautionary measures were taken at St. John's in the way of preparation, in case circumstances permitted the experiment. The little boat was towed from the docks and thoroughly overhauled on shore. Among other necessary fittings she was strengthened on each side with greenheart plank, 26 feet long, 5 feet wide and 1 1/2 feet thick. Next came iron stern plates, 15 inches long, the same width and 4 inches in thickness. To provide against all emergencies she was rigged as a sloop, with her blade propeller was guarded by iron framework. Everything complete, the stanch little craft measured 32 feet 2 inches over all, 8 feet 4 inches beam, 4 feet 4 inches in depth. Her draught forward was 2 feet 6 inches, and aft 3 feet 2 inches. In fine, she was completely equipped for the service, nothing being wanting that ingenuity could suggest. When the preparations were completed, she was named "The Little Juniata." While at Godhavn her capacity was thoroughly tested, both in steaming and sailing, and her ability to butt against the ice had frequent trials. She was pronounced by all a good seagoing craft, fit to perform the duty assigned to her. On arriving at Upernivik Dr. Rudolph assured Commander Braine that this was an unusually open season, and that no danger might be apprehended from the contemplated expedition, while he warmly encouraged the attempt. A competent Esquimaux pilot was secured, in the person of Jacob, who was thoroughly acquainted with the coast; and at length I may add, that although it was intended the "Little Juniata" should not be absent more than fifteen days, when her stock of coal would be exhausted, she was nevertheless provisioned for sixty days, and was otherwise fully equipped for all emergencies. So far as could be ascertained, however, her officer was warned against running any risk that might endanger the boat or the lives of her crew. It being wholly impossible for the Juniata to try the experiment, the preliminary task was entrusted to her gallant little mate.

THE VOLUNTEERS.

I have already expressed my admiration at the manner in which the officers of this vessel, headed by their commander, have since the inception of the enterprise, endeavored to carry out this noble mission in the cause of humanity. And, now that I can recall the circumstances under which the little steamer was fitted for the perilous cruise, the enthusiasm which the very suggestion awakened, and the many sentiments inspired, I cannot refrain from avowing that, whatever be the result of the undertaking, their undaunted and unflinching efforts merit the highest commendation and redoubt credit on the service. In this connection, and in view of the dimensions and consequent immobility on board the ill-fated *Polaris*, I may here observe that it is worse than folly to send an expedition in aid of scientific discovery unless subjected to naval discipline. In speaking of the volunteers of the "Little Juniata" I must again refer to the hearty co-operation given the commander. Scarcely had the Juniata put to sea when the list of volunteers for all hazardous duties included the names of nearly every officer in the vessel. They were selected, however, in the order of their application; but had they actually been picked out for efficiency they could not have been better chosen. Both officers and crew were fitted out with sealskin clothing, as well as bear skin bags, wherein and so far as practicable naval discipline was to be observed. The company of the "Little Juniata" was as follows:—Lieutenant G. W. De Long, commanding; Lieutenant C. W. Chip, Ensign Sydney H. May; H. W. Dodge, ice pilot; Francis Hamilton, machinist; William King, fireman; Richard Street, seaman; Martin T. Meagher, seaman; Jacob, the Esquimaux pilot, and your correspondent, in all ten persons, all of whom cheerfully bade farewell to luxury.

GETTING READY.

On the morning of the 12th of August—a bright

and glorious one—the steam launch hoisted her colors, and, though somewhat low in the water, looked trim and saucy in the extreme. What with the coal and provisions there was scarcely room to move about on board the little craft; but she had been equipped for work, not pleasure. If blocks of coal supplied for the time the place of downy beds, nobody thought the worse of it. At noon the steamer commenced in earnest. Steam had been started, and the whizzing sound of the escaping vapor added to the animation that prevailed. Parcel after parcel was lowered into the steamer—not baggage, for that was the scantiest part of the cargo—but coils of rope, tin pans, anchors, knives and forks and a medicine chest, to say nothing of rifles, canned provisions and sealskin appendages, which, with many more necessities, were carefully stowed away. At length, at one o'clock, Lieutenant De Long announced his readiness to depart. The announcement brought all the officers to the gangway, and amid many a hearty "Goodby" and "God-speed," the launch was manned.

"GIVE THE SHIP."

The line was cast off in a twinkling, with a fresh breeze from the southwest. The "Little Juniata" commenced her hazardous trip. Suddenly the rigging of the man-of-war was studded with hardy seamen, and as the order went forth from the port deck to cheer the ship, the "Hip, hip, hip," was thrice answered by a lusty shout that made the welkin ring. Then the brave fellows on the launch responded with a royal "Hail," and quickly hoisted sail and scudded forth on her lonely way. All hands were in the best of spirits, and without much ado the voyage was begun under the happiest auspices. We took what was known as the inner passage, and once fairly among the islands icebergs of huge dimensions were to be seen in all directions. They presented every conceivable shape, from a railroad bridge to a castle on the Rhine, and so closely were they packed together at certain places that an ordinary rowboat could not, without difficulty, have made a passage. We passed

KINGLAK.

a small settlement on the way, and the excitement of the inhabitants as the little steamer hove in sight baffles all description. I venture to say no such spectacle ever astonished them before, and if howling and whooping and pantomimic gesticulation could be regarded as tokens of appreciation, then we were singularly blessed in having the good will of the natives of that primitive and sweetscented locality. The moving icebergs rose all their statey magnificence as we again neared into the open space and once more breathed the untainted atmosphere, and as the sun's rays were reflected on the gigantic masses of ice which rose into the air like alabaster mountains, the effect was truly gorgeous. But the excitement changed to a cold, drizzling rain began to fall, and the charming panorama faded from the sight as the curtain of fog descended. Our first dinner was a novelty; not that there were dainties of the season at hand, but the situation, the style, the scalds and excursions, the mislaid forks and spoons, the sportsmanlike hunt for the pepper and salt, and I don't know what else, contributed to render the feast an event to be remembered. But good humor and good appetites made up for all deficiencies, and when pipes were lit, with owners snugly wrapped in sealskin furs, no pleasanter faces—and I speak for myself—could be found from the North Pole to the Equator.

THE LAST WHITE MAN.

A tarpaulin covered the boat and the rain rattled on the outside like a shower of hailstones. At eight o'clock half the crew "turned in," as the saying is, although in fact there was no chance at all for going to sleep, lying four abreast, compelling each man to choose his favorite "side" and then keep still. Jacob, the pilot, furnished his hand right and left, by way of showing the way, and a difficult task he had, owing to the fog, to say nothing of the intricate passages that marked the route. Shortly after eleven o'clock all hands were startled with the cry "Tessuslak!" and in less than ten minutes we were at anchor opposite perhaps the loneliest settlement in the world, and in the most northern where any Christian people dwell. The dogs—the irrepressible usher to Greenland hospitality—marshaled in full force on the rocks and commenced a characteristic yell. This brought the ragged natives to the spot, and it is no exaggeration to say, consternation was depicted on every face. Lieutenant De Long, with Dodge, the ice pilot, and your correspondent, went ashore, and in the pelting rain crawled over the slippery rocks toward a little white house near by, from a flagstaff on the roof of which drooped the Danish flag. A tall, ill-blooded Dane of forty years, with a fine, intelligent face, welcomed us at the door. He was Peter Jensen, the hunter, who figured so well in the famous expedition commanded by Dr. Hayes in 1861, who had received his services as interpreter and dog manager. Jensen inquired very kindly after his old master, and did not hesitate to tell us that a better organized expedition than the one on which he was engaged twelve years before never sailed to the North. He informed us that he had just returned from Copenhagen, where he had been for the past year; that while there his wife had died; that he had taken unto him a second mate, and just as he spoke a young Danish woman, not more than twenty, neat and pleasant looking, came into the room, when he presented us with all the grace of a courtier. Jensen spoke at length of the ill expedition and of the dimensions on the *Polaris* while she lay at anchor in front of his house. Captain Hall, he said, had requested him to accompany the expedition, but illness of his wife prevented him. He observed the bitter feeling displayed towards Hall by some of his subordinates and had heard some of the crew state that

HE WOULD NEVER COME BACK ALIVE.

This and much more upon the painful subject was voluntarily communicated by Jensen, who strongly endorsed the sentiments elsewhere so openly expressed. But it was getting late, and, after partaking of Jensen's hospitality, I returned aboard the steam launch, the rain still falling briskly. All hands save the watch were asleep, and picking up a well thumbed volume, the property of a romantic tar, I perused "Kit Carson's Ride" until the hands of the little clock pointed to four o'clock.

OFF TO CAPE YORK.

It is a bright and beautiful morning on this 23d day of August. The fog has all cleared away, and the sun shines gloriously. The icebergs present a picture of dazzling brilliancy, and the prospects are beyond the brightest anticipation. All hands work cheerily. Steam is started; up goes the anchor. The little craft moves out proudly on her mission, with the Stars and Stripes hoisted at the peak. Time will tell the rest.

Departure of the Little Juniata for Melville Bay—Description of the Arctic Scenery—A Most Extraordinary Cruise—Lost in the Ice Regions—A Tempest in an Ice Pack—Perils of the Voyage.

ON BOARD THE U. S. STEAMER "LITTLE JUNIATA,"
UPERNIVIK, GREENLAND, AUGUST 12, 1873.

Had to chronicle the heroic exploits of some great iron-clad battering down a fort previously deemed impregnable or commend the stanchness of a storm-defying vessel when hope was at the ebb my task might not be novel in its way. But mine is another duty. It is to place before you, in plain, unvarnished terms, the record of perhaps the most extraordinary cruise ever made in the Arctic Sea in the noble mission of humanity. I have already alluded to the circumstances which induced Commander Braine to despatch the steam launch at the command in search of tidings of the exploring steamer *Polaris*—a name now sadly familiar to the four quarters of the earth; to the enthusiasm which marked the inception of the laudable undertaking; the prompt and hearty response of all to the call for volunteers, and the blithesome spirit in which the preparations were carried out; to the hearty wishes of success, the propitious and cheering start, and the final adieu to the last link of civilization. In a former letter I have referred to the inability of the sloop-of-war from which I pen these lines to battle with the ice and the consequent necessity of securing some information upon which at least the *Tigress* could work with some degree of certainty, and endeavored to picture the surroundings of the first day's voyage of the *Little Juniata*, Little

did I think when entrusting my hurried communication to the lonely Governor of the loneliest patch in Christendom that ten days later it would be my lot to complete the record of a voyage so auspiciously begun.

ADRIAN TREMBLAK.

SUNDAY MORNING.—The dense fog which hung so heavily last night on land and water disappeared, and as the launch steamed out between Horn Island and the main land the sun shone forth, cheerily all hands and imparting beauty to the scores of glittering icebergs that sparkled in its rays. Lieutenant De Long, the commander, had promptly organized his party, and divided them in two watches, one consisting of Lieutenant Clapp, H. W. Dodge, ice pilot; with Hamilton and Sheet, seamen; and the other of himself, Ensign May, and the remainder of the limited crew, the Esquimaux being for the present excluded. This arrangement of watches was kept up during the entire cruise, the officers and men working alike, and turning in and out with each other. At four P. M. Wedge Island was passed to the westward, and four hours later was rejoined close aboard, the position of the boat then being latitude 73 deg. 43 min. north, longitude 56 deg. west. It was calculated that with an expenditure of 400 pounds of coal a day an average speed of four knots an hour could be made under a steam pressure of twenty pounds, and with a view to keep the fuel water for the boiler as fresh as possible, a steam pipe had been carried from the boiler to the water tank for the purpose of melting fresh water ice which could be picked up on the way. It was found, however, that the expenditure of steam to melt the ice was too great to maintain the proposed speed, and it was finally determined to supply the boiler with salt water—an unfortunate circumstance that reduced the fifteen days' supply of coal to nearly one-half the original calculation. At four A. M., August 4, the steam launch passed inside of

THE DUCK ISLANDS.

where it was intended the party should spend some time shooting a few dozen of the millions of ducks that flock there; but the weather being fine it was deemed more advisable to push on. At noon a fresh breeze sprang up from the northward and westward, and, making sail, the little craft stood in for a headland, supposed to be Wilcox Head. The old enemy, the fog, set in very thick as the *Little Juniata* (not caring to fight the ice in the dark) was

ANCHORED TO AN ICEBERG.

and we were to in a gale of wind, which, even under comparatively good circumstances, is at no time of the day or night, an agreeable situation, but to be chained to an icy monster, millions of tons weight—a monster which you are doing your utmost to avoid—never fails to produce a feeling of awe and uneasiness. Suppose it should topple over! Silence pervades the little craft, and all await the displacement of the gloomy mist with anxious hearts. In making fast to an anchorage, which is oftentimes necessary, particularly when a vessel is beset in ice, one of the hands seizes an iron hook, or ice anchor, and plants it in the berg. To do this a hole is cut in the ice, and into the hole the crown of the anchor is hooked. After hours of anxious waiting the fog cleared, and, slipping from the berg, the little *Juniata* rounded the headland to the north. The main object now was to get sight of

THE DEVIL'S THUMB.

from which it was determined to take a fresh departure for Melville Bay. A word about the famous Thumb. It is said to be an island, and from all I have seen and heard I am inclined to believe Greenland is made of islands. The base of the Thumb is said to be an elevation some 1,800 feet, rises 600 feet above its base. In its vicinity are two glaciers, one about twelve miles wide and the other about three, from which some of the innumerable icebergs that stud Baffin's Bay take their birth. The scene surrounding the Devil's Thumb is one of bewildering desolation. It may be here noted for the information of those who may get into Allison Bay that the chart is wrong, leaving it to be imagined that the bay is free except as to icebergs. It is filled with small islands running along about fifteen miles from the glacier line and extending from Cape Seddon nearly fifteen miles to the southward toward Wilcox Head. As night came on (strange word, with daylight all the time!) a fog shut in, obscuring the land, much obstruction being then met with in the shape of pack ice and icebergs as well as new ice which was rapidly forming. There was danger ahead, and the fog still holding on, the steam launch attempted to retrace her way, which she succeeded in doing for several miles.

PLOUGHING THROUGH ICE AND FOG THE STEAMER worked her weary way. It was thought that at least her former open sound could be reached. Too late! The ice had closed. In vain did she rush at and butt the hummocks to free a passage. The track was lost; she stood still, a prisoner, hard and fast. Around a circle of thick ice, with here and there huge bergs looming up in the fog. In the centre of this desolation is the little steam launch. Something must be done, and apprehending worse results than a mere temporary imprisonment, the little craft is rammed defiantly at the frozen barrier that surrounds it. By constant and steady jammings small cracks are made in the ice, and by dint of perseverance she forces her way a few degrees, coming occasionally into small open patches of water and among loose ice, and making perhaps a mile or two before she is again brought up by the solid ice. On misting the track the boat was headed to the westward, for in that direction the open water was to be found. The temperature was below freezing point, the rigging was covered with ice, while the new ice was rapidly forming around the launch and increasing in thickness. To stop was out of the question. Aware that delay in such an emergency would be fatal, Lieutenant De Long kept the *Little Juniata* under full steam pressure, grinding and crushing through the ice in all directions. The commander, moreover, was fully sustained by Dodge, the ice pilot, and the plan of keeping to the westward proved a wise one. At half-past eight o'clock the following morning the little craft came into a large space of open water, and an hour later a slight swell beneath gave indications that

THE OPEN SEA.

was at hand. With the exception of some light scratching and the splintering of the strengthening plank, little damage was done to the boat after twelve hours of incessant battling with a most treacherous foe. The *Little Juniata* was then headed to the northward, and the fog clearing up, by noon the Sabine Islands were sighted on the starboard quarter, at the same time making out glaciers beyond, to the northward. From all that could be distinguished it was thought that the ice pack was tolerably solid from these Sabine Islands to the coast, showing that the little craft was not far from the edge of the Melville Bay pack. Countless icebergs of all shapes and sizes, dotted the dreary region, and to one who had never previously traversed the desolating waste, the scene is well calculated to inspire a feeling of dread. Between four and six P. M. a light

FALL OF SNOW.

varied the general character of the surroundings, and on the following morning, the 6th inst., there was no land in sight ahead; but the boat was discovered to be on the edge of the ice pack, with a thick fog shutting in and no signs of a "lead" or navigable opening in the ice. About eleven A. M. land showed itself ahead in the shape of two high hills, which the ice pilot recognized as the Peaked Hills. Presently a "lead" was discovered in the pack to the westward; but the fog shutting in thicker than ever, Lieutenant De Long deemed it prudent to anchor to an iceberg rather than to risk the boat on the edge of the pack. This pack, ice, as we are aware, is made up of drifting ice floes, varying sometimes miles in extent, and in thickness from inches to fathoms. These treacherous masses occasionally press close together, with little or no open space between them, though they are oftentimes widely separated by the action of the winds. It is, therefore, needless to state that the penetration of this barrier is generally

A HAZARDOUS UNDERPAINTING.

The difference between the "pack" and the fast ice is that the latter is close to the shore. To the experienced runner for safety, taking some open crack, or, as it is termed, the "in-shore lead." The fear of being caught in the "pack" ice warns

both whaler and explorer to keep a sharp lookout, while, should the wind bring the ice down upon them from the westward, the "fast" ice affords them security, for they can always cut a dock for their vessels in the solid ice or discover a slight indentation in which to moor the ship.

A NARROW ESCAPE.

Anchor to another iceberg, thank heaven, somebody with a keen eye saw cracks in it, though the iceberg could be discovered in the fog without bumping against it was a wonder. And when that somebody hinted that the hoary looking mountain might crumble and crush the party no time was lost in giving it a wide berth, and so the anchor was shifted to a small ice cake a hundred yards off. Suddenly there is a crash—a small piece of the berg has broken off, and then follows a sound like a thunder clap, and a huge block comes tumbling down, bounding in the water as if rejoiced at its liberty. The spectacle was witnessed with grim gratification. Had the launch been hardly there is no knowing what the fate of all hands would have been. At this stage the fuel was nearly half consumed. Up to the present nothing but the prospect of being firmly imbedded in the ice had suggested any real danger. Cape York, the point of destination, was only fifty miles off. Might not some definite information be obtained of the missing vessel and crew? Burning coal in a dense fog, where speed was fraught with danger, was worse than waste. What was to be done?

A FLUCKY DECISION.

Actuated by motives of humanity and, withal, desirous of carrying out his wisely worded instructions to the letter, Lieutenant De Long determined to make Cape York under all odds. He had yet to return to the ship and answer for all the lives entrusted to his care. So out went the flag; and, under his command, the mainmast little boat headed on her course, the position being lat. 75.52 N., lon. 64.05 W. by dead reckoning, and the last bearing taken in the neighborhood of the Peaked Hill. The launch was now fairly in that region of terrors known as

MELVILLE BAY.

notorious in the annals of whalers for its many direful catastrophes. The shores of the ill-starred place appear as a curved line upon the Greenland coast, but, as understood by the experienced mariner, comprehend much more. As a general thing the whalers call by that name the expanse of Baffin's Bay which begins at the south with the middle ice and terminates at the north with the "north water." It is by the "north water" that vessels have generally approached the highway of Arctic search, which of course necessitates the crossing of the mysterious bay, where, as related, in one year a thousand human beings were cast shelterless upon the ice, their vessels ground to atoms before their eyes. The statistics of the whalers are something fearful, and scarcely a season goes by in which the passage is attempted without disaster. When the steam launch was well under way the ice pack came in sight again, when the boat was hauled up to the northward and westward. A "lead" was subsequently discovered, and the boat stood boldly into it about five miles, until the ice pilot pronounced it

A PAUSE LEAD.

the ice closing in lead, she was compelled to beat out of the lead, and the wind freshening, at eight P. M. she commenced to work to the westward, endeavoring as much as possible to keep clear of the ice. At midnight she hauled alongside an iceberg to fill up with fresh water for drinking and cooking, the sea meanwhile being somewhat moderate.

CAPE YORK IN SIGHT.

Up to the present the *Little Juniata* had worked wonders, and despite many discouraging elements the cheerful spirits of both officers and men spoke volumes for their courage and confidence. At 1:30 A. M., August 16, a highland was sighted, bearing northwest by north and trending to the northward in an apparently low rock. This the ice pilot declared to be the long looked for Cape York. Having worked pretty clear of detached pieces of ice, the boat stood in toward the land, which was calculated to be about eight miles distant. At 3 A. M. a dense fog shut in and Cape York was lost sight of. Meanwhile the wind had freshened considerably from the southeast, and toward 5 A. M. it increased to a gale. The little craft was at once brought by the wind and reefed down as snug as possible. Had she been in open water Cape York could have been reached without danger or difficulty, but as far as the eye could stretch to the northward the sea was a solid pack from four to six feet thick, and she was struggling along the edge of it searching for a lead, but none could be discovered. To the northeast the ice was also in a firm pack with icebergs and hummocks so closely wedged together as to prevent the possibility of an entrance. At noon the position of the vessel was latitude 75 deg. 43 min. north, longitude 66 deg. 50 min. west.

IN THE JAWS OF DEATH.

The sea literally boiled with fury, and the frail little launch—lurching for such a situation—working on the edge of the ice pack, the situation became one of imminent danger. The wind had started the great Melville Bay pack out from the land, making a regular indentation into which the launch was blown by the violence of the storm. The carrying of the boat was a fearful business. Steam was useless, since she could not for a moment have steamed against the gale. Left she might drift to the pack and be ground to pieces; left she was to be thought of. Altogether the prospect was a terrible one. The sea rose to an enormous height, sending the spray over icebergs 100 feet in height. The spectacle presented on approaching the pack ice was frightful to look at. First the bordering ice would be broken off in large pieces and then hurried with terrific force upon the more solid mass, to be displaced in turn by other blocks torn adrift by the gale and rolled over like barrels upon the face of the pack. At one period in the fearful interval the loss of the *Little Juniata*, and, of course, all hands, seemed a certainty. She was harried by the sea; beaten by the wind; it rained in torrents. Had she split or the machine she must have been swept to destruction. It was difficult, moreover, to see the ice pack until the launch was fairly alongside of it, in which case we immediately were her around to save her from being crushed. Providentially everything held fast, and, after being thirty hours in the gale, the succeeding change in the weather found all hands drenched and exhausted. The boat was so full of water that it was feared she had sprung a leak; but it was only the sea she had shipped, and, under all the circumstances, she behaved nobly and far beyond the expectations which such a small craft might create.

AFTER THE TEMPEST.

The hull was hailed with joy. Very few had eaten a morsel during the trying scene. Scarcely a word was spoken. The sea was still running high, and it was determined to light the boiler under the boiler. The attempt proved a failure, for the matches were wet and useless, the tinder was saturated and of no avail. Ensign May finally succeeded in getting a friction match dry enough to ignite. With this match a candle was lighted, which was almost immediately extinguished by a gust of wind. By frequent repetition of the same process a permanent light was finally secured, and after very persistent efforts and the aid of cotton waste and oil the fire finally flared up into a cheerful blaze. Lieutenant De Long calculated the *Little Juniata* to have been in latitude 75 deg. 43 north, longitude 68 deg. 30 west. She had been running on a line nearly east and west during the gale, making about twenty-five miles on each tack.

A RAINY CONCLUSION.

It was evident that nothing further could be done. To prosecute the search further was out of the question. Commander Braine had given orders for the return of the launch when the fuel was half expended and on no account to risk the boat in the ice pack. The fuel was already half gone, and what was left was in such a condition as to lead to very grave doubts as to its further utility for steaming purposes. As far as the eye could reach to the northward and eastward nothing but pack ice could be seen, so that further progress was absolutely impossible; it was difficult to say, moreover, how close to the dreaded middle pack the boat had been blown during the gale, and it was feared that if the wind came out from the northward she would not only be blown upon the Melville Bay

pack, but followed by detached portions of the middle pack and held as it in a vice between the two. And even if the launch had made her way through a lead towards the land and had reached it there was not fuel enough on board to work her way back to the pack ice. Up to that time nothing had been seen of the *Polaris* or her people. Had they been at Cape York it would scarcely have added to their chances of safety, had the little party increased their number, with the ice effectually closing the means of exit. Although anxious to find them and bring them news of our rescue, no further risk could be taken without endangering the lives of those in the launch. Under all the circumstances Lieutenant De Long was reluctantly compelled to announce that the search must be abandoned, and thereupon headed the boat to the southeast on the return having steam enough to go ahead at four P. M. The wind continued hauling to the westward. On Sunday, August 10, the weather became clear and pleasant, and for the first time since leaving the ship an observation was obtained, which established the boat's position at noon in lat. 74 deg. 45 N., lon. 59.37 W., having run nearly 150 miles in twenty-four hours. At one P. M. we sighted the Devil's Thumb, distance about sixty miles. The weather now became cloudy and squally, with snow, hail and rain. The following day was very pleasant, the Duck Island being sighted at half-past five A. M. At noon the launch was headed for Brown Island, off Tinniaak, being passed with a fine breeze from the north-northwest.

THE LITTLE JUNIATA AND THE TIGRESS.

As the gallant little pioneer steamer of the expedition sighted the house of Lensen, the hunter, she also discovered a steamer apparently at anchor to the rock bound bay. She soon after steamed out toward the launch, and, coming alongside, proved to be the United States Steamer *Tigress*, Commander Greer, from Upernivik the previous evening. Lieutenant De Long at once boarded her, and imparted to Commander Greer very valuable information as to the condition of the ice, and communicating the result of his experience in cruising to Cape York and vicinity. He exhibited to him his chart showing the track of the steam launch going and returning, reported to him the prevalence of pack and new ice in Allison Bay, and recommended him to strike to the northwest of Cape Skialeton, instead of looking for the Thumb. Lieutenant De Long also offered him the services of the entire party and launch, and expressed his willingness to accompany him to the northward search for the *Polaris*. Commander Greer having also warmly expressed his thanks for the useful knowledge thus gained by experience thus imparted to him, and, although declining the services of Lieutenant De Long and party, stated that Commander Braine had already facilitated the progress of the *Tigress* in every respect. After mutual salutations and good wishes the *Tigress* steamed north amid a hearty cheer from the steam launch, which arrived here yesterday evening, when officers and men were welcomed back with cordial greetings. Lieutenant De Long, a skilled and courageous officer, who commanded the little expedition with marked ability and judgment, is of the opinion, after careful observation, that the location of pack ice from Allison Bay to Cape York is dependent on the winds, which are at best uncertain; that a lead in the pack with one wind may as surely be a trap in which a boat can be caught as in another wind; that at this season even new ice an inch in thickness will form in a single night in Allison Bay; in August, that even the edges of the pack were three feet and more in thickness, making it extremely difficult, if not impossible, for a powerful steamer to work her way through in safety, and that a gale of wind in this region is always attended with great danger if in the neighborhood of pack ice. But in a report to Commander Braine, Lieutenant De Long, as well as other commanders, speak favorably of the courage, Chipp, Ensign May and Mr. Dodge, for their coolness, tact and valuable assistance. The practical knowledge of the ice pilot proved of the greatest benefit, and altogether the course was a very remarkable one.

The *Tigress* will proceed north as far as Littleton Island, in hopes of finding the *Polaris* and crew. In the event of her not hearing any tidings of her there she will winter in that vicinity, and send out sledge parties. Meanwhile the *Juniata* leaves for Godhavn to-day, where she will remain for about a month or so for intelligence from the *Tigress*.

ART MATTERS.

The American and Foreign Art Agency—Opening of the Season.

On Saturday an interesting introduction may be said to have been given to the fall and winter art season by the replenishment of the American and Foreign Art Agency, No. 20 West Thirty-fourth street. Some months ago attention was asked to the fact that a centre of this kind had been established, but at an hour when artists and connoisseurs were leaving the city it was not reasonable to suppose that permanent attention could be fostered upon it. The quarters are not large, but they are large enough to accommodate between sixty and seventy pictures, some of which are of sufficient merit to excite the envy of possession. Boughton, for instance, has one of his pensive ideals, in which the sentiment wrought out is expressed in the title, "Far Away from Present Things." A solitary young woman sits brooding amid a dreary yet tender landscape. Her attitude and expression are thoughtful, dreamy, and lonely. She is silently drinking the soft and lonely luxury of grief—nourishing one of those sad and sweet emotions "which she can never express, yet cannot all conceal." There is a characteristic landscape by Corot, who recently created so great a furor and obtained such stupendous prices for his pictures in Paris. Mr. J. C. Thom has several pictures, of which the crown and summit is his "Woodland Path." The simple, quaint, old-fashioned, picturesque rusticity of such scenes as this, from the real and the ideal, of quality unique in him. He blends human interest with natural beauty, and depicts with equal truth the domestic affections of peasant life and the ever varying features of wild and majestic nature. His charming peculiarities come out strongly in his "Woodland Path." In one or two of his other pictures, such as "Domesticity," "The Artist's Foreign Invasion," the felicity with which he has made children his study finds quite as sympathetic illustration.

A very strong effect of sunlight is seen in a picture by J. G. Brown, representing a child seated upon a rock frolic in a rich red shower of a lotus leaf. Her hair is not torn and her feet are not bare, and she is looking not at the meadow, but the heart of her woods. There are two of his Moorish figures, the real and the ideal, which he has been happy, there is a landscape which no one familiar with George Inness would suspect for an instant to be by any one else. It has been painted by a young man, who stands looking at her, his hand on the plough and his heart in his eye. The picture is full of that broad, serene sunlight which Mr. Homer is fond of introducing, and which few artists introduce so skillfully. The scene is not a maid, and having once married in her own sphere will have no sickly cravings after a lovelier life. Her hair is not torn and her feet are not bare, and she is looking not at the meadow, but the heart of her woods. 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